

Mr. Nathanael Vincent's

# LETTER

TO HIS

## CONGREGATION

In and about

# LONDON.

*Most dearly beloved in our Lord and Saviour,*



Y silent Sabbaths are a sore Tryall to me, a Pulpit is more desirable to me then an Emperours Throne, Oh! how do I long to be among you again, that I may publish the glad tydings of Salvation, prevent the losse and ruine of Souls, which are of greater value then the whole World; **Sathan** is busy, his **Instruments** are active, the **Flock** of Christ needs food; Oh! sad necessity that I must be silent. But you will presently be apt to reply, From whence is this necessity? I can assure you not from any promise I am under not to Preach at all, nor for fear of punishments for Preaching: But hope of serviceableness shortly makes me at present forbear, and my body by Imprisonments hath been so weakened that to put it upon that hard labour it was used to heretofore, would in all likelihood destroy it, and put an end to my days and Preaching together. **Jerusalem** in the depths of her distress remembered the joyful days that once she had when she was Princess among the Provinces, when her mount **Zion** was the Joy of the whole Earth, and she was exalted above the rest of the Nations in regard of sacred and Civil Priviledges: and alas being now deprived of these, her sorrow was the more overwhelming. Oh! my dear Brethren, I remember the blessed and peaceable Sabbaths, I enjoyed with you, **Thousands** of us were admitted together to the Throne of Grace, that we might joyn our forces, our Graces together, and prevail with the Father of Mercies who takes delight in the sincere supplications of his People. I had liberty of prophesying to **Thousands** and spread the Net of the Gospel wide, and Blessed, blessed be God, that so many Souls were taken; I had liberty to cry that I might awaken the secure, to fill my mouth with arguments to perswade Souls to believe and be converted. I call to mind my well bestowed **Sweat** and **Pains**, for I never grudg'd to spend my self and to be spent for you. Oh! The enlargements I have had in Prayer, the assistances vouchsafed in Preaching; the warmth,

warmth, the meltings, the ravishments, the holy resolutions at the Lords Table. Lament, Lament, and again I say Lament, Oh! my Soul, that now the Case is so sadly altered, there is a black cloud that covers the Stars in Christs right Hand. Solemn assemblies are broken, and starving Souls, when in part ready to take their Food, have it cruelly snatcht away from them. I have been told that when a famous Church in France was of late pull'd down, where Protestants used to meet and worship; That the pulling of it down was a most affecting spectacle, the Protestants came and looked on; and Oh! what beating of Breast was there; what floods of Tears were shed, what bitter reflections upon their unprofitableness under those Ordinances which there had been publickly administred. Break, break, Oh! my stupid Heart, to think how I am thrust out of the Pulpit, and deprived, of those precious opportunities of service which once I had. And you, my dear Brethren, Mourn together with me, that you improved Sermons no better, and that tho so much Seed was sown, and that Seed was watered so plentifully, yet so little Fruit was brought forth.

Many billows have gone over us already, and perhaps more are coming: God preserve the Vessel of his Church from drowning. Sometimes I have feared, and the Lord grant I be not propheticall, since Family duties have been so much neglected, that Family worship will be only allowed to Protestant Dissentors. I have feared because Christians have been so proud, so worldly, so vain, so censorious, so backbitting, when they have come together, that they shall be more scattered then ever, Oh! that Tongue Sing may not cost professors so dear as to make Ministers, nay God himselfe. Oh! let us all smite on our Thighs, and say, what have we done, what have we spoken, what have we thought that hath been amiss? True Repentance which doth include a Thorow and lasting Reformation is the way to fix the Golden Candellstick again in its place and to prevent a Nations ruine; and which is comfortable to consider the Repentance of Tens may do more good, then harm can be done by the Sins of Thousands. Brethren pray very hard for me, that I may be strengthened every way both in body and Spirit, that Head and Heart may be bettered, and both sincerely ingaged in the service of Christ, and you; that the Waters which because of my Imprisonment I have need to use longer this year then others, may be Healing, and that once again as great a Door as ever, and much more effectual then ever, notwithstanding our many Adversaries may, be opened to

June the 24 1683.  
being Sabbath, but a sad Sabbath,  
being absent from you  
my dearly Beloved.

Your most affectionate Pastor, and without  
Complement, your Servant for Jesus  
sake,

Nathanael Vincent.

## POSTSCRIPT.

THIS canting Letter is published, that the world may see their pernicious principles and practices are still the same to deceive the multitude. That it is his own Letter, neither he nor his Congregation can deny.

LONDON, Printed for J. Cox, at the Blew-Ball in Thames street over  
against Baynards-Castle. 1683.